

A Story by Ben Ames Williams

"He's not after deer," said Saladine. They knew what he was after in the trees. "He's after the birds, and he's ahead of them, and four partridges got up, huge, fleeting shadows in the trees. "He's after them," said Saladine, following them in flight till they were gone, then swung back to Westley. "He's after them," Saladine thought he asked:

"Why did you not shoot?"

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himself bade Reck into the trainer's buggy and watched the dog ride away with wistful eyes turned backward. "I don't care," said Reck, "I care more than he; and he forgot his own anxiety in reassurance he fer."	with him daily, for close to four long weeks, as all fraternity men knew. None saw that training. It was Reck's secret. Reck rode his dog over the Sheepcock Ridge, where farms were all deserted, and no man was likely to come upon him. But he had done that with dogs before, for woodcock lay thick in Sheepcock val-	was frightened of the man, and told Westley so when he came. But Westley was well enough pleased to have the dog in his train, and he bade him forget Prouit.
the training of a bird dog, and each man prefers his own. There are some		Prouit had been, thus far, somewhat favored by fortune. The business of his office had taken Westley away from Fraternity for two weeks

JEROME SIMMONS, the United States district attorney, who has rounded up oil stock swindlers, said in New York the other day.

A Good Spirit.

WILLIAM G. McADOO said at a New York luncheon: "We should all try to accept defeat gracefully. Defeat accepted with grace, pluck, humor, is as fine a thing as victory."

"I always liked the spirit of the young divine preaching his trial sermon, in a fashionable New York church, in the sermon about pleasure. The young man would secure a \$12,000 post. Soon from the pulpit, however, he saw that his sermon was not pleasing."

"Half-way through, he paused. Then he said, in loud, ringing tones: 'The Jameses and the Johns are all the winners. It is unhealthy to sleep in a closed room.'"

"MARSE HENRY" WATERSON
said at a Louisville dinner:

"One day I met an old colored man totting a fine ham under each arm. It was a gray, cold day, windy and threatening snow, but the old fellow had on a ragged seersucker coat and seersucker trousers—you could see his black skin through the holes."

"Ephraim," I said, "why did you spend your money for those magnificent, handsome, heavy done better than a ham?"

"Old Eph rolled his eyes at me and said solemnly:

"—'Marse Henry, when Ah axes mah back to creole, Ah gits it, but when Ah axes it to dis—and he gave his stomach three or four whacks with a ham—it calls fo' de cash.'"